

RESPLENDENT

Canton Stores Are Gorgeous for the Holidays.

PRICES UNCHANGED

From Last Week on All Commodities—Turkeys Are Selling at 14 and 15 Cents, Dressed.

The stores in Canton all wear a holiday garb. The groceries are resplendent with holly, Spanish moss, Christmas trees, tropical fruits, candies, etc., and there is a great demand for it all. Oranges run all the way from 20 cents a dozen to 60, owing to size and quality. Many of the oranges and lemons that are received by the commission houses are quite green and will need some time in storage before they are ready for use.

Tons and tons of candy have been received in the city, but the active demand seems to indicate that there will be very little of it left when the holiday season is over. People are buying more freely than ever before known.

There is no change in quotations Monday, Saturday's prices prevailing for groceries, poultry and produce. Turkeys are selling rapidly at 14 and 15 cents a pound, dressed.

DEALERS' PAY.

Wheat	50
Corn	65
Oats	45
Rye, per bu	80
Timothy, loose per ton	12 00
Clover, loose per ton	10 00
Mixed, loose per ton	11 00
Baled hay	13 00
Timothy, baled per ton	12 00
Clover, baled per ton	10 00
Mixed, baled per ton	11 00
Clover seed	6 50

RETAIL PRICES.

Corn	65 and 70
Oats	50 and 55
Clover seed	7 50
Timothy seed	3 00
Orchard grass, per bu.	1 50
Millet, per bu.	1 50
Lime, per bbl.	90
Cement	1 00
Plaster hair, per bu	20
Plaster calcine, per bbl.	2 00
Plaster, land	1 25
Fertilizer, per ton	\$20 to \$40
Oyster shells, per cwt.	1 00
Screenings, per cwt.	75
Timothy hay, baled, per cwt.	1 00
Mixed hay, baled, per cwt.	65
Wheat straw, baled, per cwt.	50
Oats straw, baled, per cwt.	50
Chop, per ton	26 00
Chop feed, per cwt.	1 40
Baled hay	16 00
Baled straw, per ton	50
Middlings, per ton	26 00
Middlings, per cwt.	1 40
Salt, per bbl.	1 20
Rock salt, per cwt.	75
Flour, per bbl.	4 20
Flour, per sack	1 10
Bran, per ton	24 00
Bran, per cwt.	1 25

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD AND POULTRY.

Butter	24
Butterline	20
Butter, creamery	27 and 30
Eggs	30
Eggs, storage	24
Lard	12 1/2
Chickens, young	11
Chickens, old	9
Turkeys, live	8@10
Turkeys, dressed	12 1/2 to 15
Chickens, live	9@10
Ducks, dressed	12 1/2
Chickens, young	12 1/2

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes, per 1/2 bu.	30
Apples, per peck	25 to 40
Potatoes	90
Sweet potatoes, per peck	20 and 30
Beans, narrowfat	80
Navy Beans	39
Limas, per quart	15
Cabbage, per lb	14
Celery, 3 bunches	10
Cranberries	10
Green apples, per peck	15
Hubbard squash	15
Turnips	60

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter	20
Butter, creamery, per lb.	20 to 21
Eggs	25
Potatoes	75
Chickens, young	9
Chickens, old	7
Lard, per lb	6
Tallow, per lb	6
Cheese	15

MISCELLANEOUS.

Maple syrup	1 00
Honey, white clover	22
Cider, per gal.	10
Vinegar, per gal.	20
Honey, white clover per lb.	12 1/2
Sweet corn, evaporated, per lb.	8
Apples, evaporated, per lb.	8
Sugar, granulated	6
Sugar, soft white	6 1/2
Sugar, coffee A	6
Sugar, brown	5
Coffee, standard brands	13

LIVE STOCK—WHOLESALE.

Good cattle, per lb	4 @ 4 1/2
Fat cows, per lb	2 1/2 @ 3 1/2
Best hogs, per lb	4 1/2 @ 5
Roughs, per lb	3 1/2 @ 4
Lambs, per lb	4 @ 4 1/2
Sheep, per lb	3 @ 3 1/2
Calves, per lb	3 @ 3 1/2

CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP AND MEAT.

Lamb, per lb	9 @ 10
Beef, per lb	6 @ 7 1/2
Pork, per lb	6 @ 7
Veal, per lb	8 @ 9
Fresh porterhouse steak, per lb.	20
Strain steak per lb	16@18

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicanor's bark of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayward wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate sea long woe to roam
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

So, in your brilliant window niche
How statuelike I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Oh, Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy Land!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

MISPAH.

The Story of a King Who Loved a Commoner.

It was an ideal May. At one of the biggest houses in London a ball was in progress. The small hours had come, and out over the tops of the trees the moon was shining. In the park a man and a girl were sitting out dance after dance.

The man was of courtly presence and splendid physique, with face clean cut as a cameo, red gold hair and pointed beard, wondrous even there in the half light, and blue eyes that fell before neither man nor woman.

In low, passionate tones he was pleading with the girl at his side—pleading as strong men only plead for life or love. But to all the fervor of his wooing she was adamant.

"You do not love me, Blanche," he cried at length. "You have only been playing with me."

"Ah, Rex! What a lifetime of regrets and loneliness I should be saved if I did not!"

He caught her in his arms, raining hot kisses on her cheeks and lips.

"My love! My life! How can I persuade you to forget everything but our love for each other and marry me?"

"Why do you tempt me? Why do you love me? Why have we ever met?"

She half freed herself from his embrace and stood, her hands on his shoulders, scanning his face.

"Heaven only knows, since you insist on parting again," he answered.

"I do love you with all my heart and soul, Rex, my prince of men, my king! But how can I marry you? Would you have your people say you had brought them a country girl, a commoner, a nobody, from over the sea? In what disaster would the royal marriage end?"

No, no, my Rex. Our dream is over tonight. We have come to the parting of the ways. Go back to your throne and wed a woman fit to be your mate—a princess. And I—the memory of this May madness shall go with me to the grave, and no man shall call me wife."

"Before God, Blanche, I will never marry any woman but you! There shall be a lifelong troth between us if you will have nothing else."

He drew a ring set with blazing diamonds from his own finger and slipped it on hers.

"Send it to me, darling," he said, "if in the years to come you repent to-night's decision, and I will be at your side as fast as rail and boat can bring me. And send it to me if the great summons come first to you, and if I shall be buried with me, for love of a peerless woman."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her again.

"I have no jewel to give you back, Rex," she whispered, "only this little 'Mispah' ring—The Lord judge between me and thee when we are absent the one from the other."

She raised her lips to his for a last caress, and he kissed the teardrop from her eyes, too, before he led her back to the glare of the ballroom and the scrutiny of a score of pairs of jealous eyes and the murmur of a score of envious feminine tongues. "She has refused him, the little fool!"

Blanche Drummond sat sewing at the open window of a gray, ivy grown house, with the golden sunshine of another May, ten years after, showing up all the finger prints that relentless time and trouble had placed on her beautiful face.

Squire Drummond had never possessed more wealth than would suffice for his own requirements and those of a prodigal son, and it had been a standing grievance to him that his daughter had so steadily refused every offer of a rich husband. He did not know the story of the diamonds on her left hand, and, moreover, he had no soul for sentiment.

Now that he was gone to his long home and the prodigal far off in a foreign land Blanche lived on at the old country house with the aunt who ten years previously had chaperoned her one London season.

Suddenly that lady looked up from the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember the king of Stervia, Blanche," she asked—"the handsome man with the red beard? He called himself the Count von Glencen that season we met him in London."

Her eyes were dimmer than they had been ten years ago, and she did not see the flush on her niece's cheeks as she murmured assent, but went on in blissful unconsciousness.

"Here is news of him. He is going to be married at last." And she read aloud:

"It is officially announced that a marriage has been arranged to take place shortly between his majesty King Rex of Stervia and her royal highness Princess Flavia of Rhodania."

That was all—only a bald press paragraph, but it set the sweet May sunshine all dazling before Blanche Drummond's eyes and brought the

waves of the ocean surging through her ears.

"Before God, Blanche, I will never marry any woman but you!"

He had forgotten her, then. Even a king could forget his vow.

She put away her sewing presently and went up to her own room. Out over the woods, yellow green in their young leaves, and the distant sea, shimmering amethyst, the sunshine swept in a flood of gold. The birds twittered a hundred glad songs, and the scent of the lilac and hawthorn hung on the air. But she heard nothing save the memory voice of her king lover's pleading, saw nothing but his diamonds on her hand—diamonds that men constancy! And he was about to do as she had urged him—marry another woman. Ah, well! When the Princess Flavia was queen of Stervia, she would put away his love pledge forever.

The days crept on, and the weeks, and now and then a paragraph appeared in the papers anent the forthcoming royal wedding. It was brought to remembrance that King Rex was the handsomest ruler in Europe. The Princess Flavia was said to be beautiful and accomplished. The names of the bridesmaids were announced and the clergy who were to officiate, and then came the entire programme of the great event.

Blanche read it all through as though it were part of a dream. In imagination she saw her own name in place of that of Princess Flavia. It might have been. Yet not once did she repent her decision of that fateful May night. She still believed that to have yielded to her love and married him would have been the greatest wrong she could have done him. And so his wedding morning dawned in that tranquil country spot, and Blanche Drummond's left hand was minus its blaze of diamonds. She wandered out into the garden that morning, restless and agitated, sitting in a tiny summer house beneath a big lilac tree, fell a-musing while the hours passed, and by and by the glare of the noonday sun warned her to return to the house.

As she neared the garden gate the vicar was passing on the road outside, and mechanically she paused to speak to him.

"So you have returned, Mr. Wiloughby. Have you completed your business in town satisfactorily?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered. "And I feel like a giant refreshed by these few days in London—one drops into such a rut, forever in the country. Of course you have not heard this morning's news?"

"No. What has happened?"

"The king of Stervia, who was to have been married today, you know, was found dead in his bed this morning."

With a choking cry Blanche reeled, and before the vicar could reach her she lay faint and prone on the gravelled path. For hours she passed from one fit of hysterics to another. The doctor said her nerves were completely unstrung, and the shock of the vicar's tidings had been the last straw.

No one dreamed of connecting the country girl, who had not been in London except for three months of her life, with the king, who, instead of being principal in the pageant of a wedding, lay dead. It was whispered of poison, in his darkened palace.

It was for her he had died, Blanche felt assured, and by sheer effort of will she overcame her nerves and her anguish and waited—waited until on the second day the postman brought her a little package with many foreign stamps thereon. When she next summoned up strength to face the world again and take up the burden of life, every one marveled at the alteration in her. Years older she looked. The luster was gone from her eyes, and her expression was that of a woman who had just turned away from the death-bed of all that the world held dear to her. Above the diamond ring on her wedding finger was a plain gold circlet engraved with the old story word "Mispah," and next her heart lay a letter, the only letter she had ever received from her king lover:

My Blanche—You have seen all the reports of my approaching marriage, and you are thinking that I have altogether forgotten the one woman I love. No, my peerless Blanche. It has been necessary, for state reasons, to sequence in the march arranged for me by my ministers, but tonight I make my own choice. No other course is open to me but the one I am about to take, believe me, Blanche; also I am delivering the princess from a lifelong hypocrisy, for, like myself, she has been forced into this. I send back the Mispah ring, and I know a merciful God will judge me innocent in the time we have been apart the one from the other. Wear it always for my sake. Heart of my heart, farewell until we meet in the land where all are equal and where love is the only king.

—Ladies' Field.

Moor Baths.

The moor baths which are provided at many Austrian and German health resorts, were first used at Franzensbad. In 1823 Dr. Poschmann, a physician there, believed that he had found in them a new curative medium, and they have since become popular. Some physicians still question their efficacy, while others in Austria and Germany rely upon them to render good service in many maladies. Though the bath is composed of peat, or moor earth, to which enough water has been added to make a thick paste of the mass, yet the peat is different from that which is extracted from a bog in Ireland or Scotland.

In both Ireland and Scotland the peat is used as fuel. At Franzensbad the mineralized peat will not serve such a purpose. The bog from which it is extracted has been saturated throughout countless ages with mineral water, and the product is a strong chemical compound. Thus a moor bath is a mineral bath in a concentrated form, and effects are produced upon the system by taking a course of these baths which cannot be produced, according to experts, by any mineral water.—Blackwood's Magazine.

WOOD AT \$10 A CORD.

Unprecedented Fuel Prices Being Paid by Lima Citizens—Coal Famine at Its Height.

Lima, O., Dec. 23.—The coal famine is unprecedented and there are no signs of relief unless there is a rise in the temperature, which seems probable. Several coal companies have several hundred orders booked ahead and have stopped taking orders, as they have no coal in sight. Wood has gone to as high as \$10 a cord and many walks several miles into the country to meet wagons to make purchases. It is said that there are several thousands car loads of coal between this city and Cincinnati waiting to be moved.

The railroads are charged with confiscating coal belonging to dealers here as well as other places along their lines. There has not been a pound of any kind of coal in the city since Friday and none in sight.

Teachers' Examination.

The Board of Examiners of Stark County will meet at Canton for the examination of applicants for Teachers' Certificates, on the FIRST Saturday of each of the following months: September, October, November, 1901; January, February, March, April, May, June, July, 1902.

Examination of pupils under the Boxwell Law, at Canton, on the THIRD Saturday of March, 1902, and on the THIRD Saturday of April, 1902. All examinations begin promptly at 8:15 A. M. All work must be done with pen and ink. Examinations will be held in the Central High school building.

J. W. GUTHRIE, Clerk.

Alliance, Ohio.

Oct-2-ly

How's This.

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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AUSTIN LYNCH, WILLIAM R. DAY, LYNCH, DAY & DAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office in Schaefer block, Public Square, Canton, Ohio.

CHAS. SEEMAN, CALVIN SEEMAN, SEEMAN & SEEMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Rooms 1 and 2, City National Bank building, 208 South Market street. Tel. 101. German written and spoken in this office.

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PETER J. COLLINS, A general law practice conducted, Nos. 39 and 41 Schaefer block, Canton, Ohio.

JOSEPH M. BLAKE, LAWYER, Rooms 24 and 25 Schaefer block.

I. H. TAYLOR, H. B. STEWART, TAYLOR & STEWART, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW—408, 409, Folwell building, Canton, Ohio. Telephone 502.

ARTHUR U. BORDNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public—Schaefer block, Canton, Ohio.

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Osteopathy

As taught by Dr. A. T. Still, discoverer of the science and principles of the American system of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. Chronic and Nervous Diseases a specialty. Examination Free.

L. E. BUTCHER, D. O., Graduate of American School, Rooms 300-302 Folwell Building.

DR. A. W. CLOUD, ONTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—306, Folwell block, Canton, Ohio. Graduate of Still College of Osteopathy.

PIERO'S INSURANCE AGENCY, FIRE, TORNADO AND RENT INSURANCE—No. 116 North Market street, Canton, Ohio.

JOHN T. BLAKE, LAWYER—Office 24 Folwell Bldg. Both phones No. 514.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying fluids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price, including the spraying tube is 75 cts. Druggists or by mail. The liquid embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation. Cream Balm is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

What Disease Produces Most Misery. If the amount of misery caused by different diseases could be estimated it would be found the portion caused by headache would outweigh any other, and perhaps equal all combined. Immediate relief is afforded by Clinie Headache Wafers, perfectly safe, easily taken and do not depress. 10 cents at all druggists.

Your Corns Cured For 25c

Send for the Buckeye Corn Plaster. Money refunded if the Plaster fails to cure your corn.

Buckeye Drug Co., Sebring, Ohio

For sale by J. L. MAURER & CO., 221 S. Market St., Canton, O.

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Tuscarawas St. and Cleveland Ave.

INCORPORATED 1887.

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SURPLUS, . . . 75,000.00

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SALOON SMASHED

By Explosion in the Beer Vault—Saloonist Hurlled Across Street.

Mt. Vernon, O., Dec. 23.—Jack Rowley, a bartender, went into a big beer cooler located in the rear of Baker's saloon last night to see about the temperature. Rowley lighted a match and a terrific explosion followed.

The side of the cooler was blown away and Rowley was hurled clear across the street. He was badly burned and cut and is in a critical condition. The explosion tore out the rear of the saloon and wrecked the big front windows. Chandeliers were jerked loose and scattered bits of glass over a crowd of customers, cutting a number and two perhaps seriously.

The explosion is supposed to have been caused by fumes from a gasoline lamp located in the cooler.

CAR RAN AWAY.

Youngstown, O., Dec. 23.—A Mahoning Valley electric car got beyond control of the motorman on Crab Creek hill Sunday night and slid a quarter mile to the bottom. The car was smashed to kindling wood. The two passengers saved themselves by jumping. Motorman G. W. Hudson was seriously hurt about the head. Miss Tamer Williams and Clarence Mely, two of the passengers, were badly cut by flying glass.

PEOPLE'S WANT COLUMN.

TERMS—Not exceeding 30 Words, 3 in sections, 25 Cents. Cash with order. On order we will charge double price to save cost of bookkeeping and collecting.

POSTAL CARDS

as Obtained at the Following Places: M. A. Fisher, 125 E. Tuscarawas street; C. N. Nye & Son, Schaefer block; E. C. Miller, 1229 E. Tuscarawas street; Louis J. Koch, 130 West Tuscarawas St.; E. E. Jackson, 220 W. Tuscarawas St.; News Exchange, 223 W. Tuscarawas St.; Canton Pharmacy, 301 W. Tuscarawas street.